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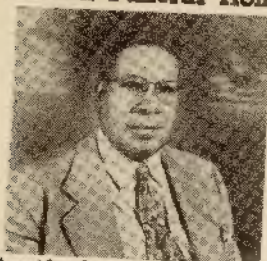
NEW JERSEY  
**"AFTER HOURS"**  
*The Weekly Guide to Entertainment*



**H. B. SCOTT**  
*Star of  
Broadway*

*Hours*  
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NEWARK, N. J.  
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New Jersey  
"AFTER HOURS"

February 24, 1950

*The Weekly Guide To Entertainment*

HUMBOLDT 2-8286

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## *My Greatest Night Life Thrill*

By "CHOLLY"

It was one Saturday night out in St. Louis when Maurice Rocco, the boogie - Woogie pianist, invited me to sit in on a broadcast over a hook-up in the Zodiac Room on the roof of a famous hotel there. Although the band was quite well known, the white band simply could not get in the groove during rehearsal, a short time before the broadcast.

Suddenly the impeccably-clad Rocco virtually took over the band from their leader in a southern town like St. Louis. Abruptly Rocco ordered a drummer off the stand and other to replace him. He dominated the whole program then and later while a distinguished audience gathered. He was King that night, high up in the air blazing tower of the Chase Hotel, where none of his color, save he, could enter.

Then to climax the night, quietly a party of his own race did enter, led by the social leader Faith Benjamin, now of N. Y. But the party was so fair in color the management did not know the difference. Rocco knew the group well, however and I remember his meaningly smile at them as he stood playing the piano and ruling the noted band.

## *On The Cover*

H. B. SCOTT, of Jersey City, former Lieutenant in the Air Corps, with 20 missions, is now a veteran of many legitimate stage productions including "Deep Are The Roots" and the current hit "Member of the Wedding." (See page 11) Here he appears in a love scene in "Anna Lucasta".



# INSIDE STORY

By BUTLER WEBB

The nude fotos are being shown around . . the Club Downbeat is tough to collect from, at least that is our experience. . . Saturday night, Feb. 4 the name-band dance at Masonic Temple wa called off the last minute. The place was dark. . . local models resent being made hostesses while New York models get the limelight.

New faces at the bar a recent Saturday night Carrie Oliver, Tessie Lee of the V. A., Virginia Wise, H. Dudley Rucker, the F. Stalks, Mary Simon, Arthur Morton. . . Louise Stewart's party a recent Saturday saw many guests coming and going; she and Dr. Fredrick Jenkins are a new daily double. . . Dagman Craig, vocalist, and Lula McKinnay of Jamaica composer, displayed great promise in a recent appearance at Lloyd's Manor. . . Mrs. Jimmie Caldwell the singer was a great hit at the Beat Club.

The Most Popular Beautician Contest being promoted by H. Dudley Rucker looks like a sell-out. . . enthusiasm is very high. . .

Medals in the A. H. Musicians Award contest are delayed by the manufacturer but will be along shortly. . . One of the most reasonable bars in town: the J. and R., on Orange Street. The Howard Bar

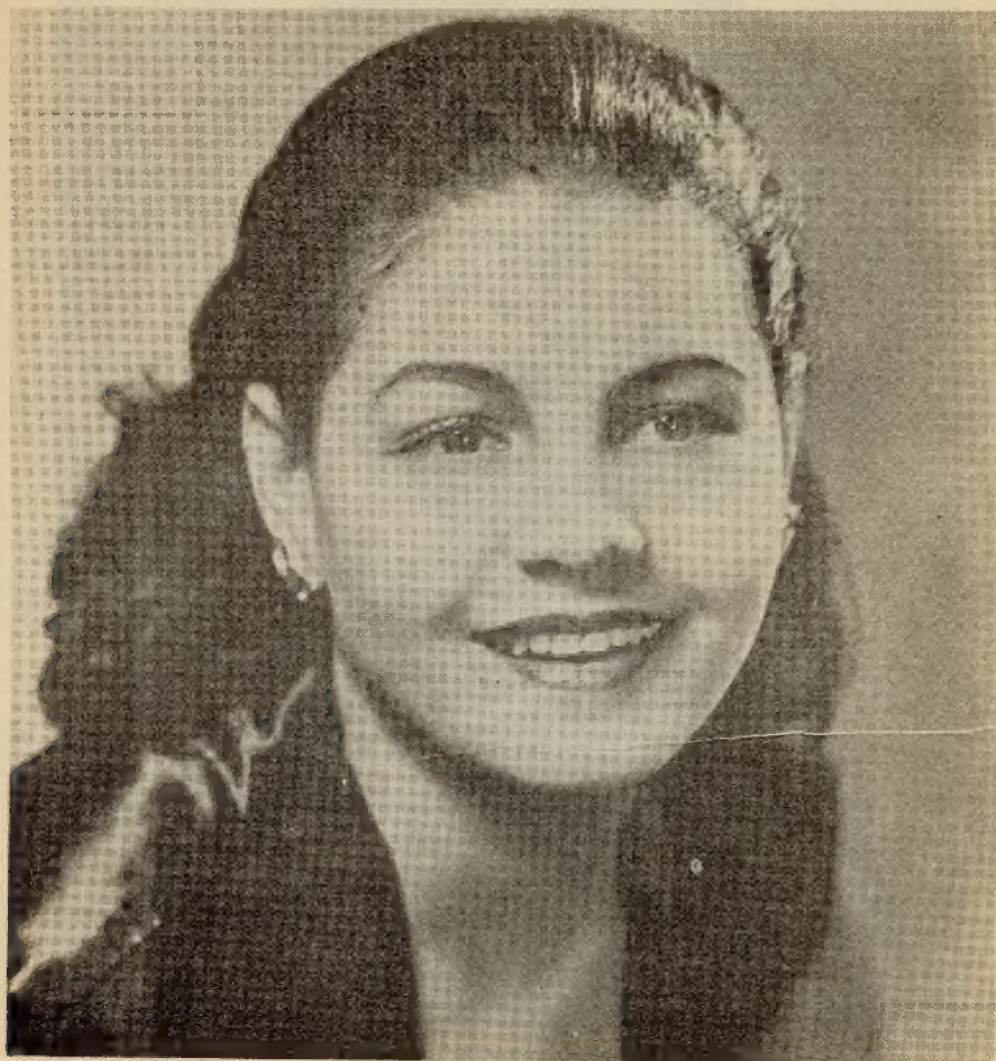
is quite as popular in the morning as in the evening. Calling Moe Jones: how about "Calling the Oranges?" . . . Avant Lowther, the publication distributor, is also a bridge expert. . . one of the more interesting spring contests: "Miss April" promoted by three very popular students, all named Moore.

Watch the crowds at the Acme store Saturdays for names: Hattie Taylor, E. Mae McCarroll, the Bertram Blands, Harry Wheeler, many others. . . MacFarland's Music Service celebrated its opening by blasting the Negro press. Calypsonian Inc. members Robert Jackson and Edmund Jones, presented a packed crowd at their Club Harold dance two Saturday nights ago. . . the office secretary job is open on After Hours but on a basis that will not interest too many: the girl must gamble four weeks, then beginning the fifth week all will be well.

The three dresses presented in the Venus Arts show at the Alumni House designed by Juanita Walls and modelled by her daughter Minnie L. Lewis are the talk of the town. . . around the bar a recent quiet Sunday Bryan Quinn, Bette Phillips, Carrie Wallace, Eunice Lucas of Jamaica, Helen Chandler, Mercedes Ford. . . a natural cover is exotic Cynthia McBroom and one of the best-dressed. . . less than a hundred attended the Sonny Thompson dance at Lloyd's.

(Continued on page 18)

# "Don't Worry Me - - "



NETTIE HILL, vocalist whose hit record "Don't Worry Me No More" is moving up in popularity is originally of Newark, played Club Caravan last week.





DANIEL A. SIMMONS, of 35 Avon Avenue, Newark, announced engagement of his daughter, Hilda M. Simmons, above to Lloyd L. Carnegie, real estate and insurance broker of 52 Vanderpool Street at party given in home of Dr. and Mrs. James E. Lee, Christmas Eve.

# I Was A *Jersey Playboy*

By CHOLLY

I know better now. But sometimes the old feeling comes over me again. Again I want to make the pretty girls, to wear the fine clothes, to get drunk every night and sleep late every day. But there is a big reason I can't do it anymore. I'll tell you all about that later.

It all started when I was a senior in High School. Until then I had been a bookworm and remained more or less to myself. But it seems I changed overnight. There was a girl in one of my classes and she sat a few seats forward from mine. But I didn't keep my eyes off her and her presence excited me so much I couldn't keep my mind on my lessons.

Then one day she deliberately turned around and smiled at me. I couldn't wait until the class was over. I followed her into the hall and an irresistible urge made me seize her hand. She responded immediately and then I knew we both had the same thoughts all along.

It was no time before we were seeing each other every night as well as every day. She made me realize that I had a way with women. She praised everything I did. She made me get in athletic teams in my last year in High School. She said I should make the tennis team because that would give me an entree into circles that no other game would.

Of course I always had played and liked tennis and was pretty good. It wasn't too hard to make the team. The competition with the white boys was good for me. I soon became a popular member of the team. And this led me to meeting other girls of both races.

The girl responsible for all this was Joan. She had long hair, was a chestnut brown and had a pretty body. But she wanted the things I began to find I would never want. She wanted us to go to college, become engaged and get married when we graduated.

But it was too late for that now. Once I tasted the life of pretty girls that's all I wanted. They raved about my good looks. They said my straight black hair was great. They said I really knew how to make love. They saw I got invited to all the better parties. They swore I was the greatest dancer in town.

Well, dance steps were nothing to me. I used to practice them home by the radio. When I first hit a ballroom floor I was really hot. Some fellows had made me take my first drink. It almost choked me but I got it down. Louis Jordan was playing at the Graham that night. I had brought Joan with me, though we were getting into more and more arguments all the time. She did not like to jump but I did. I got to picking partners among the star dancers in the hall, girls who only danced with a fellow when he was really good. They went for me too.

(Continued on page)

# Jersey Playboy

(Continued from page 7)

I always danced up front near the band. The cats made circles around us when we stepped off. Before the evening was over I had a few more drinks. I forgot all about Joan until the dance was over. When I went to look for her she was gone. So I joined a gang of girls and went to one of their apartments. The girl's parents were away that night and we had the run of the place. Someone had some wine and we went to town. I didn't get home until 6 A. M. and I was groggy with liquor and love making.

I swore I would reform. The next day I stayed in bed most of the day. I told my parents I was not made for night life and they let me sleep. I got up about eight Sunday night and started to study my lessons. Before I could get started Joan called. She insisted that I come over and see her.

I guess I wouldn't have gone but it just happened that I had a new suit my parents had bought for me and I had never worn it. I was getting clothes crazy and just the thought of putting on this new outfit made me want to go out again.

Well I went over to Joan's and we had it out again. We argued for a while but she was looking mighty good in a

pink dress and we soon began kissing. As usual we got violent after a time and I left her late that night sighing on the cushioned swing on the dark porch.

Life went on like this from night to night and I steadily lost interest in school. I even began to lag on the tennis team. My marks began to fall and there was even some question if I would graduate.

Then one June after school I was hurrying down the hall, anxious to get some practice in on the courts.

I saw a new girl walking slowly toward me and smiling. She was very dark and a beauty. She knew how to walk and how to use her eyes. Her clothes showed her off to perfection. She had on high heels. She had her hair done up and a tiny string of pearls on.

She walked straight up to me and there were only inches between us.

"I'm Dolores Francis," she said in a voice that was more than seductive. "You're taking me to the Prom and some other things. I get what I want."

She leaned over and kissed me full on the lips, just lightly but it was like hot flame. Then she was gone. But when I came down to earth and started off, there was Joan standing ahead of me. She had seen it all.

(Continued next week)



# The Peoples Choice

By Jimmie Pitts

Hello friends, this is Big Jim with the latest in news. Henrietta Harrison of East Orange is out again....Lester Young and Orioles at Laurel Garden Saturday night....Ruth's Restaurant has become the breakfast nook after 2 A. M. Bill Chapman and partner waiting for the trip to European theatre. Local housewives think they should be put on cover of famous magazine. Joe Green, the Orange playboy wastes no time in making dinner dates.

Lonnie Folks and Long John Lonsdrum take on new winter sport - - roller skating. Mary Witchord is bashful. Abyssinia Church Young Peoples Choir is planning third anniversary for March. Al Lovett, Hosey Mitchell, Willie Gray made a long trip to Philly....local girls are gossiping about the birth of the movie stars' baby. You can be a star, too....Bridge Club has become House of Beauty since the Charm School moved in. Sonny Spain and M. Richardson make an ideal pair....Johnny Williams popular bartender, back at Pic.

Nate Allen, local hair sniper, a playboy with plenty girls....

21st birthday party for Florence Frazier was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jones of East Orange, Feb. 4.... among the guests James Watson, Clifford Frazier, Issac Frazier, Gladys Frazier, Mae Scott, Delores Wright, Delores Coreen Mr. and Mrs. W. Bennett, Walter Scott, Mr. and Mrs. J. Scott, Ted Whittles, Hattie Myricks, Dorothy Whittle, Gloria White, Ruth Holmes, Floyd Jennings, Bob Hurt, Paul Ruffin, Mr. and Mrs. A. Walker, Helen Irvin, Harry Jones and many others.

They say After Hours really blows in Asbury....don't forget the Gentlemen's Club dance at Club Harold....Smiling Irishmen, Exclusive Arcadians will hold their first dance St. Patrick's Day at Club Harold.... don't forget to drop me your social and club news. Help Your Neighbors. Big Jim.

# H. B. Scott Broadway Star

By WELLINGTON DAVIS

(Installment I)

First of all I would like to pay tribute to H. B. Scott of Jersey City and the career that lies ahead of him. It is not for me to write of him as a "Glamour Boy" or anything like that, but as an actor who has found the old adage to be true: "There is no business like showbusiness".

The publicity he has received has told the story of his very quick surge to stardom and I am only going to say "good luck" and may every venture be a successful one. There are many more in our city who feel the same and probably will not have the opportunity to express themselves. So for all of us I wish him a thousand successful curtain calls.

Many of us dream of Broadway and the success and life that go with it but H. B. has seen his dreams materialize and found success.

He was a resident of Jersey City for many years, the son of the Samuel Scotts. Then came the war and he, like many others, went to do his

part. "H. B." ended up as a pilot and a first lieutenant with the 332 Fighter Squadron in Italy his credit.

Following the war he got his and chalked up 20 missions to start as an actor on Broadway in such hit plays as in which he had starring roles as "Anna Lucasta" "Deep Are The Roots" "Our Land" "They Shall Not Die" and now "A Member of the Wedding".

He began his stage career about five years ago and has made tremendous gains in that short period of time.

In "Deep Are The Roots" Scott was understudy to the star Gordon Heath. In a second company he played the lead. The plot of the play was the return of a war hero to stagnation in a southern town.

He takes to the stage naturally. As a boy in Jersey City he often sat in audiences when his mother, Mrs. Samuel Scott acted in little theatre plays.

Meyer Rowan of Jersey City has called "H. B." the Cinderella Boy" of the stage.

Before the war Scott was played up in the newspapers as a "glamour boy" but basically resented it. He has always wanted to make good in a tough profession - and he has.

(Continued next week)

*Star of Broadway*



A. B. B. O. and of "Member of the Wedding" (Curtain) photo





## *Star of Broadway (con't.)*

Three Scenes from "Deep Are The Roots" which starred Jersey City's popular H. B. SCOTT  
....Fred Fehl Photos.

# Tiny Prince Spiels

## MISS AFTER HOURS — GIRL OF THE YEAR

Many of the girls are trying to get the low-down on this California trip..Well keeds, it's right out to the star land, be hip take a trip..Ride to fame and fortune by selling A. M. subscriptions. You can't lose with the stuff we use.. Everyone gets something, 25% bonus from \$1.00 for 8 weeks, \$3.00 for 6 months or \$6.00 for a year..We expect and have already received applications from some of the finest chicks in New Jersey..

## FASHION FLASH —

Dr. Louis A. Hilton wearing dark brown suit, English shoes, white shirt, wool plaid tie, handkerchief in breast pocket, an olive grey felt adorned his head. Hattie Myricks biege and brown two-piece suit, Alice-in-Wonderland shoes, black shoulder bag, nite clubbing..

## YOU SWEAR YOUR HIP

You leave a terrible opening when you back cap

And that ain't the play.

Because a real cool cat knows just what to say.

And when he chimes in, believe me, he will lay down some very fine spiel  
Then you will be in the peepers of the

public on up hep heel.  
You'll have to tear out that opening and fill in that awful gap..  
Instead of being drag, you'll make the cat look like a sap..  
That's if you're smooth and hip and don't lose your grip,  
Both of your cool studs will come on with some B. S. that's mighty fine..  
So don't get panic and become frantic with a slip of the lip.  
Can't none of the cool studs lip beat when you're around.  
Because you'll always throw your penny in and think you're bringing em down.  
Of course you're not responsible because we've been giving a tip.  
The reason why you always do this, is because you swear you're hip..  
But with my boots laced sky-high I could lead through hippsters' college.  
Because the mush within my bumb could make you a book of hippsters' college.  
You should leave civilization and get out on a hip farm and cultivate hip food for your square brain,  
Cause I'm telling you, when you fall into Slangville farm, you'll see you're just a lane..  
But when you return you can fall from town to town and city to city..  
With your books sky high, letting the world latch on to a reform cool kittie.  
Now if you're sticky-icky, and don't dig this wrong,  
Just pick up from the rear, cause the front is too strong..

# New York FOR-GET-ME-NOTS

By THE OLD TIMER

The glorious night rides on the yacht of Dr. Marshall Ross..dinner for two at the downtown Cotton Club about eight those lovely drinks at the Brass Rail and Astor Bar. The New Years Eve crowds in Times Square. and the old Bamboo Inn where you saw everybody who was anybody. Breath-taking sessions at the James Weldon Johnson Literary Guild when Quentin Hand was the most sought after man in town. and Paul Robenson had just hit New York from Rutgers. Francis E. Rivers' first presidential campaign, Alf Landon in '36.

Rides on the Interborough uptown before the 8th Ave. opened and how, as still, you learned to know the train from the color of the headlights..when E. Simm Campbell lived in the Dunbar apartments and people watched his purple light burn late..remember the bootleg days and the Golden Grill and the steaks and the gin?..it was on 145th and Edgecomb and I believe until recently an old sign was still there. Adam Powell and his shaggy coat strolling down Seventh with the girl who became his first wife .the Saturday parties at Mark Twann's old house in the Village.

The days of Manhattan Transfer..and when Wall Street was really the money capital instead of Washington..all the workers in the old post office building before it was torn down..Sunday in Cen-

tral and Bronx Park .the walking trips up the Palisades, The Dark Tower on 137th when A. Lelia used to give the grand parties..when the Philly crowd came to town and let its hair down still does, I suppose. A column by Edgar T. Rouzeau based on how many big names walked across one little paving block on Seventh Ave in one typical hour.

All those nights in the Ubangi Club after the Joe Louis fights..when Henry Armstrong used to approach the ring, shadow-boxing all the way..and how Joe Louis danced of afternoons with the girls in the old Club Mimo..by the way whatever happened to the Mimo's juke boxes that played all day without nickles? When the Amsterdam News sold for 3 cents. and the Defender was selling for a half dollar due to its picture of Louis laid out cold by Schmeling.

More recently: during the war when the uniforms cluttered the Theresa Bas.. the Harlem Riots and the sound of window glasses being smashed that night.. Sufi Abdul Hamid and his daring..Herbert Faunleroy Julian landing from a ship with high priced champagne bottles. the hegira from Europe when the war broke .and how the celebs moved down the gangplanks of the big ships, the Robesons, the stage stars, the playboys with berets, Brick Top, and so many.

The many afternoons at five when you saw everybody passing 135th and 7th..and all the loot you spent of an evening in a few clubs all within two blocks of each other..the Gay North-easterner's meetings..the excursions up the Hudson when all the pretty teachers from the south were there and gay.



# Jersey Glitter

By CUNNINGHAM & DAVIS

Miss Mary Cokine was seen in town sporting a California suntan. Miss Cokine has been in California for the past two years, but arrived in Jersey City wearing a brown camel hair overcoat, a tan attire (probably a California "special"). It is rumored that she visited our fair city to attend the wedding of Miss Emaline Furlonge, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Furlonge.

Jersey City played host to many visitors and fine friends. There were several swell parties and dances. Among the "After Hours" get-togethers were:

The dances at the Celtic Hall: The Hall was again brilliantly illuminated as we approached. Upon entering the first dance hall Marion McDonald and his fine orchestra were playing to the enjoyment of the crowd. In the other dance hall Al Simpson and his band, from Brooklyn, N. Y., were also keeping the crowd dancing.

The highlights of the evening was the appearance of Miss Gilda Vaughn, cousin of the imitable Sarah Vaughn. Miss Gilda Vaughn, also a vocalist, sang to the delight of the audience. Miss Vaughn was attired in black draped dress, black suede shoes and a "wind blown bob" hair style.

Among the local populace attending these affairs were Jimmy Otis, the Still Brothers, Gladys Ray, Barbara Couch, Lorraine Fowler, Gertrude Brooks, Myrna Judge, Jeannette Smith, John Stallworth, Sammy Mimms, Eddie Dawson, "Glamour Boy" Charles Watkins, Elsworth Smith, Doris McDonald (wife of Orchestra

LEADER), Juanita McDonald who was wearing a black suit, red alligator shoes, topped by a Mouton Lamb Fur Coat.

Reporting on happenings in the Booker T. Washington Projects are Miss Barbara Couch and Miss Gladys Ray. We hope to hear from these two young ladies weekly and any news from the Projects will be included in this column weekly.

Miss Gladys Ray was very glamorous in her grey plaid skirt, green blouse, green topcoat. Miss Barbara Couch was attired in a rust colored skirt, white wool jersey blouse, black suede flats and she departed in a black Princess Style coat.

Watch for our report on the T. M. T. M. (The More The Merrier Club) of the Y. W. C. A. This group is having a St. Valentine's Day Dance. Also Mr. Eugene Calhoun (Confidential Secretary to Commissioner Donald Spence) entertained several guests from New York. This informal gathering was a very enjoyable one and a fine lasting impression of Jersey City entertainment was left with the New York visitors.

Mr. "Junior" Swenson played host to many guests over the weekend and from all reports it was an enjoyable affair.

## FLASH . . . EXCLUSIVE

Your scribe had a personal interview with Miss Delores Jackson, currently being seen in "Caesar and Cleopatra" the Broadway hit play. We will attempt to bring to our readers Miss Jackson's own story of her Broadway career, and our "on the spot" photos of Miss Jackson and the cast. Watch for this in coming issues. Delores is the wife of popular, handsome Hugh Jackson.

# Wayward Minor

WAS A WAYWARD MINOR

By STEPHANIE

(As Told To ALBERT E. HART)

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— — —  
The names of characters in this story have been changed and the names of locales disguised in order that the utmost secrecy the writer has sworn to, might be maintained.)

— — —  
Synopsis: Stephanie, a child living in Bigville, has been growing up without the advice and counsel of her mother. Her ignorant father has forbidden her mother or anyone else to punish her for her wrong-doings. At the age of 12 Stephanie experienced her first "change of life" and because she has been told by her mother not to mention matters of sex to her, she goes to the mother of her girl friend, Marion, for advice. Marion's mother takes her home and scolds Stephanie's mother for not telling the girl about such matters. After Marion's mother leaves, Stephanie's mother turns angrily on her, asking her why she has not told her about the condition first. Stephanie reminds her mother that she has been told not to mention anything if that nature. (Now Go On With The Story.)

## CHAPTER TWO

Tears welled into my eyes and flowed down my cheeks. I was the most miser-

able child in the world. At this time when I was all mixed up and confused, my own mother, who should have been comforting me was scolding me.

"I should tan your hide good," my mother said. "Ain't you got sense enough to know that things like that should only be discussed at home?"

"But what could I do?" I blurted out between sobs. "I thought there was something wrong with me. What could I do? What could I do?"

A kind word from my mother at that time might have changed my whole life. If she had or taken me in her arms and uttered a few words of love and comfort. If she had only consoled me a little. But instead all I got was threats and abuse.

"Don't you dare mention anything about this to your father," my mother stormed. "And in the future remember I borned you and nobody else has anything to do with how much I teach you and how much I want you to know. Now go to your room and stop all that infernal blubbering."

That night I cried most of the time. I was so lonely, so sad and so confused. My father asked me what was wrong with me at supper, but an ugly look from my mother dispelled my desire to tell him my whole story.

Soon after I began staying out with boys my own age, until late hours. My father was usually asleep when I would sneak in the house at 10:30 or 11 o'clock at night. The girls I went around with seemed to know more about life than I!

(Continued on page 17)

# Wayward Minor

(Continued from page 16)

did my freedom and lack of home training made me a fast learner. I think this playing around made me look a lot more developed than I really was. The make-up and clothes I wore also added to the illusion. Soon I was sneaking out on dates with boys much older than I was. Some of them gave me money for my attentions, but often a trip to the movies or a dance date was all I needed to tempt me into promiscuity.

We often went on wild car rides and petting parties and I thought I was really enjoying myself. How I kept my activities from my parents, God only knows. I was smart enough not to keep any large sums of money on my person, and I was always begging my parents for money to ward off suspicion.

I found out one day, however, that my parents were probably the only ones in the neighborhood who didn't know about my activities. When I was 14 years old and in my first year high school, one of my school mates gave a formal party. It was supposed to be quite an affair and practically everybody I knew was receiving invitations. The girl who was staging the party was named Georgette Wilson. When the kids would stand around in groups discussing the coming event, I felt hurt and puzzled because was not invited.

After school, a few days before the party, I was walking home with a couple of boys when Georgette caught up with us.

"Stephanie," she said. "I want to talk to you. Will you excuse yourself?"

Anger and resentment welled up in me against this girl who I now bitterly hated for not inviting me to her party. I had an urge to tell her to go chase herself. But something told me to control my anger and see what her story was.

I excused myself from my companions and went over to one side with Georgette.

"What the devil do you want?" I asked her hotly.

"Stephanie," she stammered. "I - I - I don't know how to tell you this - - but I guess you have been wondering why I haven't invited you to my party."

"I never gave your old party a thought," I lied. "I got a heavy date that night anyhow. I couldn't come if you sent me an invite."

Georgette knew I was lying, but nevertheless like a true friend she went on talking.

(Continued on page 18)



# Wayward Minor

(Continued from page 17)

"Stephanie, believe me I wanted to invite you to my party. But my parents and many of my other girl friends told me I couldn't. They say you are a bad girl, and that you go out with too many boys and men and that you are not decent and that you are common and all that. My mother told me that if I had to invite you that I couldn't have the party and several of my girl friends said they weren't coming if I asked you. Please believe me, Stephanie, I want you at my party more than I do a whole lot of the others. But, after all, how can I help myself?"

A feeling of deep shame enveloped me. So people did know about me. My activities were no secret. However, something made me want defend myself.

"Look, Gorgie," I said. "I don't give a doggone what people say about me. What I do is my own business and you or anyone else has nothing to do with it. Don't you worry none about not inviting me to your party, 'cause I told you I couldn't come anyhow. Besides, I think the party will be a dead one. I like a lively, good time. Now if you'll excuse me."

Thrusting my head proudly up in the

air I left Georgette standing there on the verge of tears and rejoining my boy friends.

A very mean idea dawned on me that afternoon. I knew I was the most popular girl in my class. I had control, or thought I had control, over most of the boys who were invited to Georgette's party. I smiled devilishly as the plan formed itself in my mind. I was confident that my scheme would work. I was going to ruin Georgette's party!

(Continued on page 33)

## Inside Story

(Continued from page 4)

John Barnes has a new name for some model schools: "thri' schools". . . he predicts bad publicity will hurt all. . . A Calypso dance is almost a sure thing these days.

3 accidents a recent week-end! Tiny Prince and Melanee Jones, smashed new '50 car on Skyway, both hospitalized. . . Rebecca Newby crashed into a taxi in N. Y. . . Bill Malloy, H. N. manager, hit by car on W. Kinney.

A plague of mail box robberies, house robberies and apartment robberies, including theft of an expensive diamond ring and watch, has hit the Harrison-Douglas apartments. . . under suspect is the possessor of a master key who makes the rounds of all the apartments, unsuspected

## *"Women's" Formal*



**"THE WOMEN" FORMAL** Top foto shows members of the "The Women" at their formal recently in King Heron Craftman's Center, at 105 Broad Street in group are Lillian Thomas, Christine Strickland, Jeannette Jones, Janetta Saunders, Henrietta Durrant, Ella Johnson, Ledyne Murrain and Jo Ann Smith. Evelyn Brower Foto.



**LIVELY GROUP AT THE WOMEN** Group of guests at "The Women's Formal" all well known and easily identified. Evelyn Brower Foto.

## *In Beautician's Race*



Miss McCarty (seated) won first place in the contest held in February 1931. Seated next to her is Miss Jones, who placed second. The contest was held at the home of Miss Jones, 100 North Street, and was won by Miss McCarty.





## Best Dressed Men

By REBECCA NEWBY

JOHN J. C. of 11 South Street, New York, is the first of Central High, and  
 only attending Central High in New York.  
 He has a blue overcoat, blue alligator and dooskin shoes.  
 His hobby is singing.

He has a blue overcoat, blue alligator and dooskin shoes.  
 His interests similar to his, and is a Jackie Robinson fan.



**MINNIE L. LEWIS**, daughter of Mrs. Juanita Walls, well noted designer of 215 - 13th Ave is her mother's chief model as she wears and models all of Mrs. Wall's designs.



Miss **Miriam B. Peterson**, daughter of Mrs. Mary Alice Peterson and the late Mr. James H. Peterson, recently announced her engagement to Mr. Joseph R. Oliver, Jr. Miss Peterson is a former student of Traphagen School of Design in New York.



**MR. and MRS. HERMAN C. TERRELL**, of Vauxhall, wed recently, are shown with wedding party at elaborate reception at King Hiram Center Fred Barnes Foto

# Music Master

by Beverly Bradley

DANNY QUEBEC WEST, alto saxist nephew of Ike Quebec, wishes to thank his supporters and AFTER HOURS, who presented him his award as winner in the Alto Sax Division of our recent Musicians Contest. Danny is just back on the scene from cutting records with the Thelonious Monk Group, on Blue Note Records. He is one of most promising young altoists and you can hear him at his best on "Suburban Eyes", "Humph" and "Evonce" records with the Thelonious combo. Danny will open at Cafe Society with a Combo consisting of himself - Alto; Walter Davis - Piano; Charley Persip - Drums and Dick Harvest - bass.

Joe Manning's combo leaving Cafe Society to open at the Comedy Club in Baltimore. They have added a young guitarist Johnny Saunders, from Columbus, Ohio, who fits very well with the group. Manning intends to drop the name "Three Beats and a Sound" and use his former combo's name Joe Manning's "Four Cleffs."

Albert E. Hart, of Spruce Street fame, is now working on the book of a Musical Comedy to be called "Heat". Hart will do the music and lyrics and plans to star many embryo locals.

The Association for the Advancement of Jazz is again sponsoring dances at the Celtic Hall in Jersey City, their first stars will be Al Armstrong's group, to be followed by Danny Quebec's combo, then Joe Manning's Four Cleffs, Lee Richardson (The Very Thought Of You) and then Artt Blakely.

Florence Wright and Google Eyes are really killing them at Birdland supported by such names as Charley "Bird" Parker; Bobby Hackett;; Max Roach; Al Haigh; Roy Haines and Gene Ammonds.

Red Fox had everyone in stitches at the Cafe Society when they split their sides at his very funny skits and songs. Fox is to open at the Lido Club in NYC. Elmira Legrand was called up and sent the patrons with "I'll Remember April." Lester Harris of the RayOVacs and Billie Lewis were also in evidence as well as most of the local musicians.

Joe's Tavern in North Newark to get a new combo with Lester Ray - tenor; Harold Ford - piano; and Jabo on drums. Dave McDuff, Earl Watson and Tubby Williams of the McDuff Orch. formerly at Blue Room in Rahway moves into the Cotton Club in Carteret.

Prizes Galore will be presented at Club Harold Feb. 26 at a dance given by the Music Masters, the prizes to be given for the most popular singer and dancers of rumba, waltz and the "hop hop", also a prize for the person coming closest in guessing the night's gate.

# At the Shore

By BEVERLY BRADLEY

At Pleasant Grove Inn: Sally Boxley Perth Amboy hairdresser; Sugar Carmon, of Philly; Norma Owen, Perth Amboy Hosp. Nurse and Harriet Jones of Red Bank were among the crowd - Berl Gibson, Savella Boost and Ruthie; Bee Talbert and Louise with a party of Perth Amboy friends; Tessie Knight and a party from Newark and plenty of U. S. Marines beeing some pretty local Chicks - offer all Earle U. S. Marine Hdqs. is only "down the road a piece".

Frances Pointer, from Eatontown, singing sensational blues and Downbeat with his partner wows with their comedian-tics during Saturday Night Celebrity Hour and Mickey Bell emceeing at his usual - BEST! !

Big Train and Mrs. Train gave quite an After Hour Party at the Morganville home - even the Versatiles were there. Lucille Jones, Buddy Salmon, Ester and George Shaw were the winners at the Cliffwood Civic Club Prize Card Party.

## MAIL BOX

ARTER HOURS, INC.

I'd like to thank you and the After Hours Corporation for the publications I have received in the past few weeks. I find the news most interesting. My friends and I wish you and your staff lots of luck and success with your magazine. If there is any way we can help with news items from Union County let us know.

Miss Marie Spurlock

Gentlemen:

Kindly send me an application blank for the "Miss After Hours" contest which you are sponsoring. I am very much interested in becoming a contestant and will follow all the rules.

Thank you,

Miss Octavia Palmer

Call ORange 2-5307

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## College Capers

By CHARLES JACKSON

A new social club being formed among the college crowd in Jersey City which will rival the exclusive Tweedsmen. No name has been selected yet and all prospective members are being carefully scrutinized. William McGlow, Lindsay Allen and Charles E. Jackson form the nucleus of the club.

February 18, the Criterian Club, Inc. of Jersey City will hold its mid-winter celebration at Hotel Theresa in New York in the Skyline Room. Charles K. Allen Rutgers law student is president. Buddy Walker's band with local boy Alex Parker of J. C. is playing. Bernice Jones of Elizabeth was recently chosen secretary of the Sophomore class at Newark State Teachers College.

She is a young lady of exceptional intelligence having won the academic scholarship of New Jersey to State Teachers'. Wish her plenty luck.

Despite the fact that Princeton beat them at the basketball game recently Rutgers played a brilliant game with Bucky Hatchett in the limelight. Bucky should be commended for his fine performance considering his sorrow at losing his father recently. Final score was 80 62.

## Begins Soon

From The Depths of Newark's  
Crime-ridden Slums - - She  
Rose To The Height of Society  
on Harlem's Fabulous

# 'Sugar Hill'

A NEW SENSATIONAL

SERIAL by The AUTHOR  
of "SPRUCE STREET"

Albert E. Hart

*Who will be*

# Queen of April?

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# *Who Will Be* **"Miss After Hours"** *the Girl of the Year?*

In past years there have been popularity Contests all over New Jersey, and they, through the aid of judges carried the winner, some beautiful girl to fame in the social world.

Today this is taboo. We realize charm and personality are the main qualities, and not beauty alone and the new angle this year is that the girl who piles up the most votes selling After Hours Subscriptions will be recognized by leading circles as "THE GIRL OF THE YEAR". She will receive a wardrobe, a trip to Hollywood, California and 25% of subscriptions she sells. Read contest rules and fill in application below.

1950	MISS AFTER HOURS - GIRL OF THE YEAR	1950
1 Year Subscription \$6.00 — 100 Votes	6 Months Subscription \$3.00 — 50 Votes	
8 Weeks Subscription \$1.00 — 25 Votes		

Upon my acceptance as contestant I agree to the following rules:

- 1 I will be responsible for all vote books given to me in this contest and will faithfully report all sales to After Hours Office.
- 2 I can be disqualified from this contest for failing to make reports, sale of votes and returning unsold votes to director.
- 3 As a contestant I must appear in person at finals to qualify for prizes
- 4 Minimum votes sold to qualify for prizes 1st prize 3 books; 2nd prize 2 books; 3rd prize 1 book.
- 5 I pledge at all times to conduct myself in public, to be a credit to myself and this contest.

REGISTER NOW AS CONTEST BEGINS MARCH 1st.  
SEND IN PICTURE OF YOURSELF IF POSSIBLE.  
FILL OUT THIS BLANK

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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TINY PRINCE, Director

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*by Alma Jackson*

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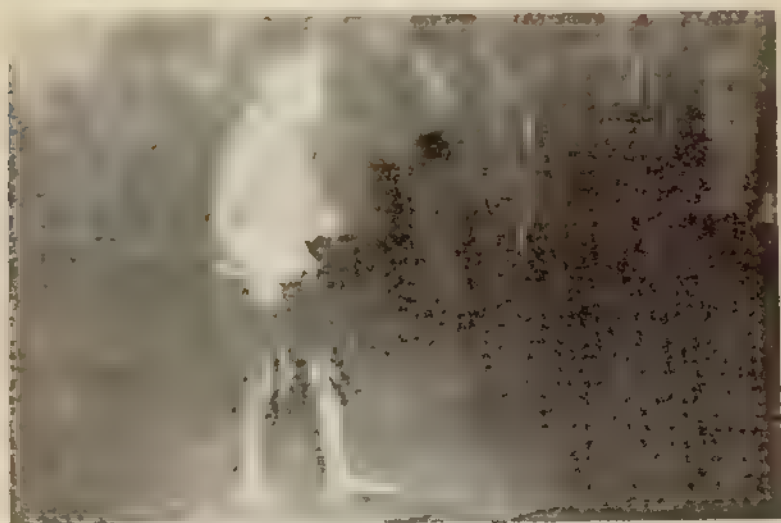




## More Contest Scenes

A. H. MUSICIANS CONTEST ending Jan 16, formed a photographers holiday. Here are more scenes from which you can pick out your own celebrities .

## Calypso Expert



CALYPSO EXPERT is 6 year old LAMONT BRISTOL, who performed at recent Calypso Dance at Masonic Temple... Foto by Barnes.

---

### Hot News Flash:-

Teddy Powell Presents the Orioles Quintet and Lester Young and his band, Saturday Night, Feb. 18, 1950, at Laurel Garden, 459 Springfield Ave., Newark. Take 25 Springfield bus to door or No 5 Kinney or No. 1 Newark.



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**PRIZES**  
**"GUESS THE GATE"**

Write your guess of the evenings  
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# Wayward Minor

(Continued from page 18)

The next day was Wednesday and the party was slated for Saturday night. I had four days and three nights to perfect my awful plan. My plan was this - I would ask most of the boys who were invited to the party not to go. I would pay them well for not attending - - WITH MY BODY.

Many of the readers cannot conceive of a 14 year old high school girl thinking in such terms. I realize that it sounds fantastic but every word of this story is true. This will give you an idea of the depths to which my character had sunk. Carefully I plotted and schemed so that my plan would not fail in any way.

Each boy I was to proposition had to be contacted in secret. Dates had to be arranged and timing had to be perfect, I couldn't spend too much time with any one boy, yet I had to satisfy each one so completely that he would not fail me. I knew most of the boys were clean and decent, but I had confidence that all of them had desires for me because I was beautiful with lots of sex appeal.

In those four days and three nights I was "successful" in being alone with 23 boys. Of the 23, I was intimate with 14. The other nine were either too bashful, or were loyal to their respective girl friends. To these I gave my lips and my word that I would be their girl friend,

if they would promise not to attend the party.

My planning and efforts however were all in vain. Marion told me the day after the party, how swell it had been. I was sick, disgusted and disappointed. Twelve of the boys I had been intimate with had gone to the party and only four of those to which I had promised myself, stayed away. Out of the 23 I had tempted I was successful with only 6. The others laughed up their sleeves at me and attended anyhow.

Two weeks later my mother died. Although she hadn't been much help to me except provide for me, I nevertheless was sorry to see her go. My mother represented my last incentive to be decent. The only caution I ever executed to keep my escapades a secret was to try to keep the news from her. After she died, my father, who loved her dearly despite his harsh attitudes at times, started to drink much too heavily. He started to neglect his job and many evenings I would come home from school to find him slumped down in a chair or flopped over the bed drunk.

I became housekeeper, cook and nurse for my father. The little money he had in the bank began to dwindle. Many a girl would have quit school with all this staring them in the face. But the only reason why I stayed in school is because I knew full well that many of the girls who didn't like me wanted me to quit.

(Continued on page 34)

# Wayward Minor

(Continued from page 33)

I stopped running around so much for a while and buckled down to the task of being a housekeeper and school girl. I tried every conceivable method I knew to try to stop my father from drinking so much. He appreciated my efforts and would sit and look at me with an expression not unlike that of a grateful dog who understood the things some person had done for it.

When my father got sick, I started taking sips from the bottles he insisted upon having. I found forgetfulness in alcohol, something I had never cared for previously. I never took enough to get drunk however.

I still had occasional dates, but now I only went out with grown men with cars. They paid better and I didn't have to spend so much time with them.

With the money I got from these men I would pay the bills and buy food and medicine. My father had told me to write to his brother in Georgia, and I said I would. In the meantime he authorized me to draw out certain amounts of money from the bank to pay the bills with. Instead of doing this, however, I used my own money.

One evening I came happily in the house after one of my escapades to find my father fuming in the living room. In his hand he had a letter from the bank which contained a statement on his account. He knew I had not drawn any money from the bank in three months.

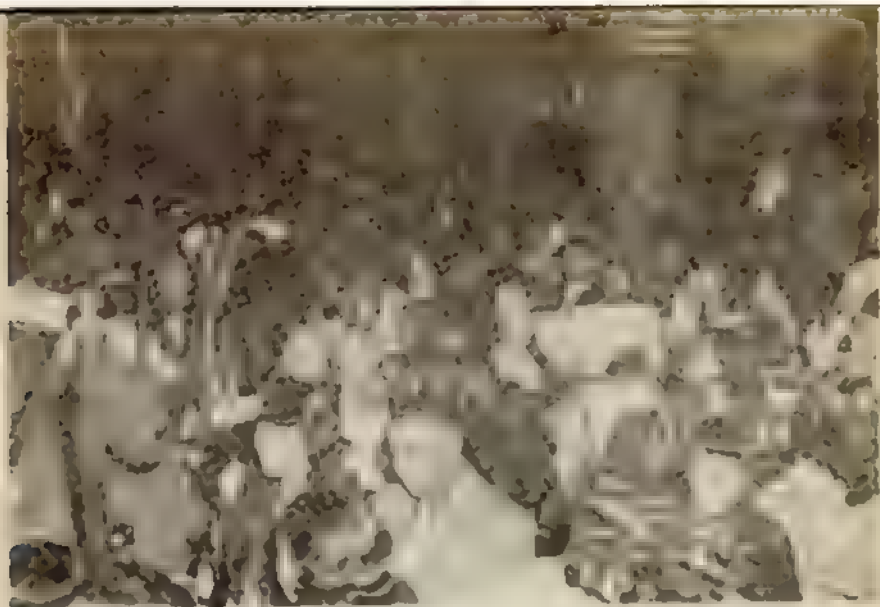
"Stephanie!" he stormed. "Where did you get the money to pay these bills? Answer me, girl, where did you get that money?"

I trembled and cowered before my father's wrath. Once more he shouted the question, this time grabbing me by my shoulders and forcing me to look into his eyes.

"Stephanie!" he screamed. "Tell me where you got that money to pay those bills? Speak to me girl, tell me where you got that money?"

I winced in pain under my father's grip.

(Continued on page 37)



**A. H. MUSICIAN CONTEST** On more scene of crowd at Feb. 16, After Hours Musicians Award affair....Foto by Fred Barnes.



**ZETA TAYLOR** Interpretive dancer of 145 Charlotte Street, recently landed a sensation showing at the Club Paradise following her performance of striptease in a recent mid-western tour.

## *New Coleman Hotel Luxury*



Specially designed for hotel use by the Simmons Company all rooms in the Coleman Hotel are now newly furnished with modernistic, fireproof and waterproof furniture. Radio, phone and radiator are in each room. Floors are covered with Axminster Rugs and wall-to-wall carpets.

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# Wayward Minor

(Continued from page 35)

"You're hurting me, dad," I ventured, trying to throw him off guard so that I could collect my thoughts in order to give him a reasonable answer to his questions. For a while I was dumbfounded, just staring into my father's eyes, afraid to move and afraid to speak. Finally I blurted out the only plausible answer I could think of.

"Uncle Frank sent it to me. I wrote to him telling him you were sick. He's been sending money regularly. Please dad, let me go? You're hurting me?"

My father released his hold on me and sank into a chair burying his hands in his face. "Frank has been dead over a year," he moaned. "Oh my darling, darling, daughter. What have I driven you to do? You don't have to tell me where you got all that money now. I know what you have been doing. Oh my darling Stephanie, what have I done, what have I done?" He sobbed like a heartbroken child and I began to wish I was dead for having caused him all of this unhappiness.

I don't know how I managed to do it but I regained my self control quickly. I knew that my father would have killed me had he been physically able to do so. Now he was sitting there sobbing and

blaming himself for my wrongdoings.

"Daddy" I purred. "Don't get yourself all excited over nothing I assure you I have done nothing wrong. It's just that I can't tell you where I got the money right now. You'll have to trust me daddy dear. Now come along and go to bed. I'll fix you a nice hot broth and a toddy. Tomorrow I'll go down to the bank and pay back every cent of the money I borrowed."

My father slowly raised his head and looked at me with bloodshot but hopeful eyes. It had been hard on him thinking that his daughter - - only a child, had sold herself for money to take care of him.

(Continued next week)

---

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BILL COOK      JOHNNY FASO

# What's Happening?

Feb. 26:

Contest Dance - Club Harold

Mar. 4:

United 12 Dance - Club Harold

Buddy Small's Dance - Masonic

Warriors S. C. Dance - Masonic

Worthington Boy's Dance - Lloyds

Mar. 5:

Pythagorians Canteen Dance - Masonic

Mar. 11:

Calypsonian Dance - Club Harold

3 Pals Dance - Masonic

Suburbanites Dance - Lloyds

Mar. 12:

Canteen Night - Masonic

Mar. 17:

Exclusive Arcadians - Club Harold

Mar. 18:

Suburban Set Party - Montclair, YWCA

Reita Cornell Boosters Banquet -

Masonic

Progressive Party of N. J. Dance -

Masonic

C. Business Club Dance - Lloyds

Mar. 19:

Canteen Night - Masonic

Mar. 24:

Wedding Reception - Masonic

Mar. 25:

Trinity Lodge No. 33 Dance - Masonic

Mar. 26:

Canteen - Masonic

Mar. 31:

Student C'ouncil Dinner - Masonic

Apr. 1:

Buddy Small Dance - Masonic

Grand United Order Odd Fellowc -

Lloyds

Apr. 2:

Canteen - Masonic

Apr. 8:

Elks Dance - Masonic

Vibrants S. C. Dance - Masonic

Apr. 9:

Canteen - Masonic

Apr. 10:

Teddy Powell Dance - Masonic

## CONTENTS

Greatest Night Life Thrill	3
Inside Story	4
Jersey Playboy	7
Peoples Choice	9
"H. B.." Broadway Star	11
Tiny Prince	13
For Get Me Nots	14
Jersey Glitter	15
Wayward Minor	16
Best Dressed Men	21
Music Master	23
At The Shore	24
College Capers	25

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